

nourishment and shriveling for want of exercise.

Perhaps we may make our meaning clearer by a few simple illustrations. Suppose a man is born with the moral impulse predominating, leading out into the lines of the spiritual teacher and preacher. "For that purpose he was born, and to that end he came into the world." But gradually a net of environment is woven around him. He becomes more and more sensible of the imperious demands of the material life. More and more it appears to him unavoidable that he must, for himself and for those depending upon him, labor for the meat that perisheth, the wherewithal he must be fed and clothed. The insistence without overcomes the insistence within. His soul cries out against the profanation, but its cries grow feebler as of one smothered beneath an ever increasing heap of rubbish, until at last they cease. The awful perversion is at last accomplished, and that which was intended to mount up to heaven is sunk in the dust, its divine lineaments marred, its God given faculties withered.

The same tragedy with variations is seen in the intellectual as well as in the moral realm, and in varying degrees it is manifest in almost every individual career. It always exhibits a certain characteristic feature, the supremacy of the material life, the life of the senses, the seen world about us which we know is the false world, hiding and denying the unseen world within us and above us which is the only true world, the only world that will remain. All temptation, all the impulses of perversion work along these lines, so marvelously manifest in that typical Temptation, where the Son of Man was insolently asked to surrender his *true life*, his divinity, his mission, his destiny, his eternal empire of love and glory and power in the unseen and spiritual world,—in order that he might have the material world, even all of it, all of its luxuries, all of its fame, all of its kingdoms, all of its power and glory. He spurned the infamous bargain, because he saw what so many blind and foolish sons of men do not see, so many who eagerly close with this same bargain, that it meant the surrender of everything for nothing. Oh, how strong he was, and how weak are we. Forty days of famine could not make him turn from his mission one moment to provide bread for his consuming hunger. How many there are who turn from the real mission of their lives under a far less urgency. We are not cast in the same heroic mould as the great Overcomer, and we yield to the visible world. We yield along lines which as the world goes are counted legitimate, but it is none the less a sad and tragical yielding of the spiritual to the material, until that in us which was born for the great things

of God and eternity is narrowed to the little things and the nothings of time and sense. Here is the field of all our sorrows, and defeats, and heartaches. What is the remedy? Stop living the false life, and live the true, the honest, the sincere, the Christ life.

## Home Circle

### Be a True Woman

Aim to be a true woman stout-hearted and brave;  
Be one of the brightest of gifts God ever gave;  
Be not lackadaisical, idle or vain,  
But a woman to grapple with sorrow or pain;  
Be a woman of smiles, not a woman of tears;  
Be a woman of hope, not a woman of fears;  
Be a woman of joy when sorrows assail;  
Be a help, not a clog, when misfortunes prevail;  
Never mind if mistakes your life path should throng;  
Never mind a few jolts as you journey along;  
Be true to yourself, and be true to your God;  
Be neither a weakling, nor only a clod;  
Thus be a companion in womanly love,  
And let not the world your integrity move.  
Be a home joy, a solace, the best that you can;  
Oh, be what God made you—a "helpmate to man."  
There are plenty of women the world never knew,  
Yet the world is the better for all that they do;  
There are many true women whom to know, is to love,  
And whose work upon earth is blessed from above.

—Selected.

### Lend a Hand

In His Steps.

A young girl on a railroad train gave a bunch of roses to a little cripple. The child held them to her lips and pressed them to her heart and fell asleep. The train reached its destination. The father came in from the smoking car. At the sight of his little one lying peacefully with her head against the stranger and the roses in her hand, he said, in a voice full of feeling: "I'm not a praying man, but the Lord's blessing rest on you for your kindness to my motherless bairn." The child roused as she was taken in her father's arms, and said: "I've been—in—heaven—pa, I've got—some—roses." There was a mist in other eyes than the father's, and more than one heard a divine voice saying: "In—as much as ye have done it unto the least of these \* \* \* ye have done it unto me."

### The Word of Sympathy

Harper's Bazar.

Said a young girl in my hearing:

"I never know just what to say to people who are in sorrow, so I never say anything if I can help it. And the more I feel, the less I can say. I can write a note of condolence quite easily, for the stilted phrases slip easily from the pen, even when I know that they are useless, for they never comfort the least little bit. But when I am face to face with bereavement I am dumb, altho my heart may ache. Still, it makes little difference; words don't help people in grief. And if they did, all I could say would be, 'I am sorry.'"

As if that were not the best thing to say! That simple phrase carries with it more true sympathy than dozens of stilted expressions. When we were in sorrow, and felt as if we were numbed by the awful loneliness of our

grief, which seemed ours, and ours only, what did it mean to us when our friend came, and putting her arms about us, sobbed: "Oh, my dear, I am so sorry! so sorry!" That genuine, unpremeditated outburst brought sympathy which softened grief, altho nothing could lessen it. It is a mistake to think that so-called letters of condolence do no good. Of course, they can not relieve sorrow, but to the grief stricken there is great comfort in knowing that somebody cares; that the thoughts and prayers of friends are with her who walks in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. And to one in sorrow the world in general seems such a heartless, careless place.

Let us not feel that because dozens of other people have written letters or spoken phrases of pity to the bereaved friend, our little note or word is unnecessary. It may be just the touch of sympathy which will soften the rebellious grief and bring much-needed tears; it may be just the drop of sweet in the cup of bitterness which, but for that tiny drop, would be intolerable.

### A Boy's Religion

It was the late Henry Drummond who once said to a great company of boys: "Boys, if you are going to be Christians, be Christians as boys and not as your grandmothers. A grandmother has to be a Christian as a grandmother, and that is the right and beautiful thing for her; but, if you cannot read your Bible by the hour as your grandmother can, don't think that you are necessarily a bad boy. When you are your grandmother's age, you will have your grandmother's religion."

Now, there is a great deal in the above for a boy to take to heart, says the Church Messenger, for some boys have the idea that they will be expected to put aside most of their propensities, if they can take upon themselves the duties of Christian boys. This is a mistake. No one expects, no one wants them to give up the natural rights and feelings of boyhood. They are not to be in the least grandmotherly or grandfatherly, but they are to be happy in the way in which God intended that all youth should be happy.

One of the truest-hearted Christian boys I knew is also the merriest. No one would think of calling him "grandmotherly." He reads his Bible, too, and goes regularly to church, to Sunday-school and to prayer-meeting. He is at the same time such a good ball player that he is always chosen first when the boys are choosing sides for a game. And no boy of his age can excel him at football or at tennis. And they always say of him: "Harry plays fair! he does!"

He is the life of the social gatherings that he attends, and his reputation for absolute truthfulness is such that the teacher of the school he attends told me, not long ago, that on one occasion, when the boys on the playground were hotly discussing a certain matter and there had been charges of falsehood made and still more hotly refuted, one of the boys said: "Let Harry M—tell the straight of the story. He knows all about it,